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When You go to Vote on the 12th, Scratch the First Printed Line on the Ballot, and Make a Dry Vote

A Funeral Sermon

(The following sermon was first published in the Oakland, Maryland, "Republican" of January 11, 1911, and was republished in "The Mission Bulletin" of April 24, 1913, from which we copy it. It was published in the "Republican" by special request of Mrs. Liller and a number of other Oakland people. Read it. It is classic. It will stir your soul.—From Clean Politics, May 15, 1913.)

The scene before us is sad beyond all description. It is not my business as a minister to apologize for the mistakes of the dead man whose body lies in this casket.

"As the tree falls it must lie". Our limitations are such, and we see through a glass darkly, so that it is not always possible to tell how the tree falls.

It is customary to exalt the virtues of the dead, and to minimize their faults, while we exalt the faults of the living and minimize their virtues. God would have us do justice to both the dead and living. We who are living demand justice if we are the object of criticism. Our demands are not so imperative if some one else is the object. Certainly, if the pale lips before us could speak we could only hear a mild demand for simple justice.

So I endeavor to approach the task before me, which is by no means a pleasant one, with a sense of justice to both living and the dead. A man who himself must stand before the judgment bar of God to "give an account of the deeds done in the body," surely cannot afford to do on an occasion like this anything that would embarrass him in the great day. This funeral talk cannot be delivered without taking into account the living as well as the dead. The dead can't talk back, the living can, and probably will, so I will say as little of the dead as possible, and speak directly to and of the living.

First, Clyde Liller, the man. It is needless to say his sun has gone down while it is yet day. When he should have been at his best, in the prime of manhood's powers, the supporter and defender of his family, taking his place as a citizen in a great Republic, bearing his share of life's burdens, suddenly the light went out, and the "spirit went back to the God who gave it".

Clyde Liller when at himself, was a generous, large-hearted man. His wife has said more than once to the speaker, that "When Clyde was sober one could not wish for a better husband, a better father". But when whiskey goes in, the man goes out. Social life in America is such that the man with a weakness for alcohol has a tremendous battle to fight and in most instances is the loser. At some time in his life, I know not when, he tasted the poison and later found the Scripture true. "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder". The habit once contracted, its effects felt, his will power weakened, it got beyond his control until the finished product, the legitimate fruit of the American saloon, lies a helpless, pitiless corpse before us. A woman has been made a widow, three children made orphans, because the liquor traffic pays revenue, and some men will sell it regardless of the widow's cry and the orphans' wail.

Some one is saying, He ought to have let it alone when he saw he could not control it." Oh yes, how easy to say that and how little it means. That strong man who boasts that he can take it or let it alone, usually takes it and sooner or later becomes a hopeless wreck himself. Another says: "Let whiskey alone and it will let you alone." This is another assertion as false as Satan himself. These innocent children let it alone, but it did not let them alone.

This heart-broken widow let it alone, but it did not let her alone. Either directly or indirectly this terrible monster, the liquor traffic, has a satanic clutches around the throat of every man, woman and child in our fair land.

I want to say here that to my personal knowledge Clyde Liller did make a struggle, and a brave one, to stem the tide and free himself from the manacles that bound him hand and foot. When he would go to work in the hope that he was victor, on his way to the shop his nostrils were greeted with the stench of the foul poison; boon companions were ready

to lure him away from all of his good resolutions; men were ready to take his last nickel and sell it to him regardless of the protests of his innocent wife; every fiber of his being was crying out for alcohol. He felt time and again only to get up and make a brief struggle and fall and fall again, until, aboveless, helpless wanderer, way from home and friends, the tired body lay down to sleep the dreamless sleep.

Such is the picture, the awful tragedy of one human life. But we make in this country 100,000 drunkards' graves a year, 277 each day. During this funeral hour, 11 others of our fellow citizens will go in the same way, and thus the miserable work goes on from year to year.

Clyde sought the comfort and help of religion. He had a religious nature. I have prayed with him in my own home, and witnessed with profound pity this hopeless struggle.

My predecessor, Rev. J. B. Workman, told me he never worked as hard to save a man as did he to save Clyde Liller. But the grog shop with its doors always open was sufficiently powerful to overbalance any influence for good, and thus the task of saving him under the present conditions had to be abandoned. He tried working in a dry town, but the national government itself is in the miserable liquor business, and for the small pitance of \$25 will give a man a federal license, and then protect him if he violates the law of the state in which he sells. Then when a poor drunkard wants to free himself from his slavish chains he may go from Maine to California, from the gulf to the lakes, and on every foot of territory over which old glory waves her proud folds, he is hounded and hunted by his monster until, at last, like poor Clyde he lies down to the sleep that knows no waking.

Who can picture in all its hideousness the American liquor traffic? Human words are inadequate. Figures daunt us. We are led in our desperation to exclaim "O Lord, how long?"

Gladstone said, it has destroyed more human life than war, pestilence and famine combined. Somebody is to blame. This poor body is a murdered body and the murderer goes scott free in this land of freedom, this land of churches, boasting one hundred thousand pastors, this land of college and universities. This land that has been styled "God's last chance for the human race," goes on murdering other wives, husbands, other children's fathers, other mother's sons, goes on ruling congress, dominating state legislatures, intimidating town and city councils, goes on throttling the voice of the pulpit until God in His righteous anger has sent our land its greatest spiritual drought. And the pity of it all is, but few seem to care.

Lincoln said: "This nation can't live half slave and half free." Neither can it live half drunk and half sober.

Sin will down any of us; even in the strongest of men it is too mighty to contend against unaided. The great delusion in this world is that you can build yourself up by tearing somebody else down, or that success can be reaped out of the frailties and misfortunes of others. Upon this false principle the licensed liquor traffic acts. By this delusion the people of this fair town allow the accused, stenchful, blackening, damning institution—the licensed saloon—an institution that fosters and perpetuates an evil almost as old as sin itself.

An evil, haggard, monstrous, furious and diabolical, that for ages has walked and crawled the earth combining all that is obnoxious in the races of men. It has gored with its horns, it has torn with its tusks, it has crushed with its hoofs, it has poisoned with its fangs, it has stung with its insectile javelins greater numbers of the human race than have perished from all other causes combined. It bribes, it lures, it deceys, charms, fascinates, tempts seduces; has the eye of an eagle, the tooth of a rattlesnake, the jaw of a crocodile, the crushing coils of a boa constrictor, the slyness of the scorpion and the "worm that dieth not". It has cheated and deceived the nations. By our false system of regulations, or attempted regulations, it hisses, it lies, it cheats, it debauches, it kills.

I hate it with an eternal, uncom-

promising hatred, and I don't care who knows it.

It puts its poison talons on the home and robs it of its furnishings. It takes the clothes off the back of innocent, helpless children and shoes off their feet. It brings mothers to the wash tub and scrub brush, and straps burdens on their shoulders too heavy to be borne. It dashes out brains and pulverizes the human heart. It fills the poor houses, the penitentiaries, the lunatic asylums and peoples our grave yards with the flower of manhood.

By some body's consent ten saloons are fastened upon this fair town at Oakland, which, were it not for them, would be an ideal place in which to live. We silently tolerate them, and the authorities grant the license for a very small consideration in the way of money. Thus for less than two dollars apiece the town is sold to the liquor traffic.

A county seat should be the best town in the county. Here our professional men live, here all the people must come at times to transact business. We owe it to the surrounding country to have a decent, moral town

Garrett county? I know full well that criticism will be heaped on me for saying this today. I have weighed every word and am prepared for the consequences. But I will not stand by and see a man cut down by liquor and witness the wreck and ruin of a home without raising my voice in solemn protest against the liquor traffic in Oakland, at whose door lies the responsibility of Clyde Liller's murder.

I am going to say something else. The men who run saloons are not alone in this. Others are responsible. When we get to the judgment the man who made the foul stuff, the man who sold it, the man who gave it to him when he could not buy it, the man who is bondsman for the saloon keeper, the citizen who by his silence or vote indorses the liquor traffic will all come up with fingers streaming red in the blood of poor Clyde Liller who fell a helpless victim into the clutches of the liquor traffic.

And now a word to these two precious boys: Hear me today. You are old enough to know what I am saying. You will never forget this hour. You have been left without a father at this early period in your lives, and will

The Convict Plea for Prohibition

"The strongest sociological plea for prohibition" says the North American, "went up to the Pennsylvania legislature from prisoners in the Eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia. In the form of a petition signed by 1,008 of a total 1,478, because they attributed their downfall to drink. The petition recites that the prisoners consider that fully 70 per cent of the crime of the State is due to the excessive use of intoxicating liquor. Even in this prison the rum forces organized and sought to intimidate the men to prevent their signing this petition, resorting to threats and warning which means so much more to the convict than to men outside of prison walls."

The inmates at Fort Leavenworth federal prison are petitioning Congress in the interest of National Prohibition, and others are following suit.

One of the signers of the petition wrote: "If a decent manhood asserts itself at the next session of the legislature the curse will be ended." Another: "I was a tradesman and maintained my family for fifteen years; then I met bad company, began to drink, and when I went home one night intoxi-

The Verdict—Thumbs Down

"Any unit, however small or large, should be permitted to rid itself of the saloon; for the saloon is a nuisance, and its influence for evil can no more be confined to the building in which it is located than the odors of a slaughter house confined to the block in which it is located."—William Jennings Bryan.

"It is business the natural tendency of which is toward lawlessness, and the time has come when it will either run the politics of the State or be run out of the politics of the State."—Joseph W. Folk, Missouri.

"It is absolutely impossible to have a permanent, decent municipal government where the saloon dominates municipal politics. The elimination of the saloon will help municipal government everywhere."—Ex-Governor Hoke Smith, Georgia.

"The saloon has become the germ center of lawlessness. While it debauches some of the people with drunkenness and takes from them the knowledge necessary for an intelligent ballot, it snaps its fingers at the law made for its restriction. It has become an unscrupulous, conscienceless tyrant of American politics."—The Very Rev. A. P. Doyle, Catholic University Washington, D. C.

"Organized labor stands for compulsory education, but the saloon stands for ignorance and degradation."—Treasurer Lennon, the American Federation of Labor.

"The main difference between the licensed and the unlicensed liquor trade is, the former holds the State's commission to do its deadly work, and no one can interfere with it. The latter is an outlaw, and may be stopped when the authorities will do it."—Portland (Me.) Evening Express.

"The saloon is the mortal enemy of peace and order, the despoiler of men and the terror of women; the cloud that shadows the face of children; the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshriven to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plague to Egypt and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jerico."—Henry W. Grady.

"I know what these saloons are. I have visited them at all hours of the nights, and all nights of the week, and there is not an extenuating word that deserves to be spoken in behalf of them. They are foul, beastly, and swinish; the prolific beds of vile politics, profane ribaldry, and unspeakable sensuality."—Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D., New York City.

Voters of Taney County hear the verdict—kill the saloon.

Close the Saloon and Kill Business. Whose Business?

When you, voters and petitioners, keep the saloon out of our town, you injure the business of the saloon, all other forms of business will profit by the destructions of that money "sink hole", the saloon.

Business will suffer! Ask Kansas, whose governor issued a statement, recently, like this: It is true that we have had a sizzling drouth and lost a corn crop, but I hope no one will waste any pity on Kansas; we have no liquor traffic and can stand the loss of a corn crop. We have, in our savings banks, \$118.00 per capita for our citizens. The taxable property, divided upon a per capita basis, gives over \$1,600.00 for each man, woman and child in the State; in eighty-seven out of the one hundred and five counties we have no insane upon which to spend good money; in 44 counties no feeble-minded; in 96, no inebriates; in 38 no occupants of the poor house, and most of them have been so for a decade; more than half of the county jails are empty, and 65 counties have no prisoners serving sentences in the penitentiary; some counties have not called a jury to try a criminal case in ten years, and a Grand jury is so uncommon that half of our people would not know what it is and how to use it; we have no large class of unproductive illiterate; less than 2 per cent of the population, a lower percentage than that of Boston; no eastern loan companies have plastered lands with mortgages and in the panic of 1907 we forwarded the neat sum of fifty million dollars to help pull Wall Street out of a hole. KANSAS IS ALLRIGHT!

Now and then you find a man who

boasts that he "can get liquor any time he wishes in Kansas" and that means that he has caught one drink of "back alley" liquor after a thirteen hours' chase and when he has caught two such drinks he will boast that he killed his grandmother.

A county official in Arkansas says we have just had an extra session of the circuit court to try the case of four boys who, under the influence of liquor committed a terrible crime, more than six months ago. Our Circuit clerk has been for two days, going over the figures to ascertain how much this has cost the county, and at noon, today he telephoned that, as far as they had gone which did not include certain figures of the county clerk, the amount would total \$2,800.00. One hundred and seventy jurors had been summoned and 110 witnesses the boys had lain in jail more than six months, at a cost of 75 cent each per day for board, not to mention guards and transportation. There is no way of computing the actual cost to the families of these boys, one of them the eldest son of a widow, what the costs in cash have been to these families, good, respectable people, the Lord only knows, for they will not tell. Four strong, able-bodied young men in the county jail more than six months; no work, no wages, nonproductive, a charge upon the tax payer, because they got drunk. What do saloons exist for? To Sell liquor that makes men drunk. Who profited? The Fort Smith liquor dealers and the United States Express Company.

Who foots the bill? The Tax Payer! It is a square business proposition!

Wanted—a Righteous Citizenship

Among the rich nuggets of thought left us by Abraham Lincoln, is an earnest statement made when asked if he did not believe God was on our side. He said: "God is my witness that it is my constant anxiety and prayer that this nation should be on the Lord's side."

Christian citizenship is to bring this to pass, namely: to get the nation on the Lord's side. Never in our history have we faced issues fraught with more vital importance.

We are compelled to face the fact that, with our highest tribunals controlled by unscrupulous combines of capitalists; with vile men placed in many public offices; with courts and grand juries shielding the wrong-doer; with jails for the man who steals bread and acquittal for the man who steals millions; with government legalizing, protecting 250,000 saloons, sending from 60,000 to 100,000 souls into drunkard's graves yearly, and government sanction to ship loads of liquor sent to heathen lands; with a traffic on girls that would disgrace any people or country; with thousands of young manhood of America swearing, smoking, heading straight for the gambling den, and the saloon; with an industrial warfare which is making bitter enmity between capital and labor, a public press given over largely to party worship; a pulpit often too timid to speak out boldly against public sins with all this array of undisputed fact it is too evident that unless these evils are checked the life of our nation is endangered.

"A nation that will not serve God shall perish." What then is the outlook? Except the state believe on Lord Jesus Christ, accept and apply His law of righteousness and love as the fundamental law of the land, it cannot be saved. Jesus of Nazareth made no exception of the political caucus or primary when He said: "whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God, but he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

Christian citizenship is the "star of hope" which is leading the way to the manger where the new civic conscience is to be born. "Ye must be born again," is as true of a nation as it is of an individual.

The question of national righteousness, then, is an individual question. Every one is a note in the public voice. If yours is the only one which chords with the law of justice, love and right, then LET IT BE HEARD.

The elementary principles involved in improved highways are social and domestic happiness and business economies.

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QUESTIONS?

Have You a Son?

Do you wish him to drink?
Do you think he is more likely to
drink with or without saloons?

Have You a Daughter?

Do you think your neighborhood
will be safer for her with saloons
or without saloons?
Do you think her future home life
will be happier with saloons or
without saloons?

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Think it Over Carefully!

so that a country boy can leave his mother in the morning, come here on business and return to her sober in the evening. But alas! How many boys go home whooping and yelling and cursing, reeling and staggering to their homes late at night because Oakland thinks she must have a little revenue.

Is there not some way to elect a man to represent us at Ann-polis who will say this thing shall stop?

Whose boy will now take the place of Clyde Liller? Somebody's will.

To you men who are before me: The griefs, the scalding tears, the deferred hopes, the strangled aspirations of this woman ought to lead every man of you to lay the axe of absolute prohibition at the root of our license system and rest not till the whole tree is burned up root and branch in the fires of a holy and righteous indignation. As you behold the wound you will not bring the healing balm? As you witness the bondage will you not seize the hammer and strike off the manacles that bind at this very hour so many citizens of

have struggles in life and heavy burdens to bear, but I beg of you today to resolve down deep in your hearts never to taste, handle or have to do with that which caused your poor father's untimely death. Stay with your mother, encourage her, be honest and true and the world will give you a place you can make a living in it.

And to this widow let me say: You have the heartfelt sympathy of this congregation. You have my prayers, and in your hours of loneliness when dark shadows gather around and life's mighty storms threaten to dash your frail bark to pieces, may you hear above the roar of the conflict the voice of Christ saying: "It is I, be not afraid," "Peace be still". And the voice that silenced the waves of old Galilee will still your troubled soul, until at last the day breaks and the shadows forever flee away.

To this congregation: May you all live so that at last when you are called to answer the roll call of the skies, you may be numbered with those who shall hear the words: "Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

cated and my wife remonstrated, I killed her. I am here for life. My children will bear the stigma of my drunken deed to their dying day. In the name of God do what you can to check this evil; believe me while I am alive I will do my share toward putting an end to the curse."

The National Advocate says: "This is an appeal in behalf of many others who will come to the same sad end if the liquor traffic continues," while the "American Issue" says the petition will put the Pennsylvania legislature in a position where it will either have to act against the liquor traffic or place its public approval on crime.

Missouri Horses and Mules

In number of horses, Missouri, with 1,095,000 head, ranks fifth among the states. With 329,000 mules, we are second only to Texas. Missouri horses and mules, says the State Board of Agriculture, are practically free from glanders. This fact makes our horse stock in keen demand from foreign buyers who are placing European war orders.